INT. HOUSE – NAZARETH – DAY

Mary kneads dough at the low table.

The jar of oil is nearly empty.

She wipes her hands on her tunic and calls out:

MARY

"Yeshua,

Can you please

take the basket

And fetch oil with some figs for supper.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF NAZARETH – DUSK

He carries the basket,

dust on His sandals.

His home behind Him,

the open road ahead.

there

at the edge of the wilderness,

He finds someone sobbing

A woman,

sitting in shadows,

robe torn,

face streaked with tears.

Her arms are wrapped around herself

like someone shielding from stones that never stopped falling.

Yeshua pauses.

The basket lowers to the earth.

He sits beside her.

she notices

At first,

Silence.

Then her story spills out suddenly:

She had been accused

of theft she did not commit.

Her neighbors cast her out.

Her family turned their backs.

The elders closed their ears.

“I shouted my innocence,”

she yells,

“but no one believed me.

The shame was enough to crush me.”

Her voice breaks.

“Better to be forgotten

than to live in their scorn.”

Yeshua listens,

steady,

bearing her pain as though

it pressed against His own heart.

At last,

He speaks:

YESHUA

“You are not forgotten.

Elohim sees you.”

She looks at Him

a boy,

yet with eyes that seem older than the world.

Hope flickers

where despair had smothered all light.

She reaches for His arm.

WOMAN

“what is your name

Stay… please.

tell me where you live

If you go,

I’ll be alone again.”

He rises,

lifting the basket.

His voice is gentle,

Firm.

YESHUA

“My mother waits.”

Her tears fall freely,

but she nods.

And He walks back toward Nazareth,

the weight of figs and oil ahead,

And the weight of her sorrow carried within Him.

Mary asks

“Have you brought the figs and oil?”

The Boy nods

From the outside,

It was a boy running errands.

From Inside,

the Boy of Sorrows

had already borne another’s grief.

INT. HOUSE – NAZARETH – NIGHT

The oil flickers in the clay lamp,

painting the room with warmth.

Mary sorts figs into a bowl,

kneading the dough once more.

Yeshua sets the basket down carefully,

but his movements are slower than usual.

Mary notices.

MARY

(soft, watching Him)

"My son…

What weighs you?"

He doesn't answer right away.

His hands begin slicing figs,

drizzling them with oil,

arranging them with care.

His silence itself is heavy,

but his actions are gentle,

Mary comes beside Him,

her hand brushing His shoulder.

MARY

“You always carry more than that basket Yeshua

You don’t have to carry it all tonight.

tell me…”

He finally looks at her

eyes deep with sorrows no boy could bear

At first, silence

Then

the tears come.

slow

steady,

breaking free.

Mary holds Him to her chest

arms around His back

rocking gently like He was still a baby

She doesn’t ask more.

She lets Him cry.

YESHUA

“I met someone… cast out.

Her grief was… like a fire,

burning in silence.

I carried it on the way home.”

Mary cups His cheek.

MARY

“it’s okay my love

Let it rest here.”

His breathing slows.

She strokes His hair,

humming the same lullaby she sang in Bethlehem.

He nods faintly,

turning back to the figs.

he begins to smile

then he begins

He stirs herbs into the oil,

sprinkles a touch of honey,

folds the dough.

Mary watches,

marveling at the way He creates flavor

as though He were weaving joy back into the world.

The door opens.

Yosef enters,

tired from the day,

dust on his cloak.

He pauses —

the smell of baking bread filling the room.

YOSEF

“Ah… what is this?

Smells like a feast.

MARY

“Your son’s hands.”

They sit together at the low table.

Yeshua sets the bread,

figs, and oil before them.

For a moment,

The ordinary meal feels holy.

Mary leans over,

kisses His temple softly,

humming the same lullaby she sang in Bethlehem once again.

Yeshua hums along,

and Yosef joins,

their voices weaving into a simple,

tender harmony.

They eat — bread dipped in oil,

figs sweet on their tongues.

Laughter bubbles between them,

chasing away the shadows.

From the outside,

It was only supper in a carpenter’s house.

From Inside,

it was heaven rehearsing its song